

(TMI Focus, Vol. XV, No. 2, Spring 1993)

HANG GLIDING AND PAST-LIFE REMINISCENCE

by Eric Gagnon

Eric Gagnon, a hang gliding pilot who hails from Quebec, Canada, shares this account of a healing journey taken through time.

My favorite weekend activity is piloting hang gliders. For me it is more than a sport; it is an art, a philosophy. To fly gracefully, you need to be at peace with yourself, your wing, and nature. As you take off, it is automatically the right brain that takes command. Both space and time are distorted. It is pure emotion, with neither words, nor logic—very much like in the OBE state. The less you think, the better you fly. You become the artist of the sky who leaves only air and vapors after performing his art.

But sometimes, your art may leave more dramatic traces on the field... or on you. These events may happen anytime, but they are more likely to take place when you are not listening to one of the three elements (i.e., yourself, your wing, and nature). On August 4, 1990, I was not in harmony with myself. I decided to pilot a new high-performance glider in turbulent conditions. I broke my right arm on landing because of a bad approach.

A few weeks after the accident, my physician decided to operate on my humerus, which was too damaged to restore itself. He put the three pieces together and screwed back a fragment to my bone. Because this multifracture was near the elbow, he was not so sure about my possible degree of recovery. A week after the operation, the results were not encouraging. I was not able to move my elbow more than ten degrees back and forth. I decided to order the *EMERGENCY SERIES* to help me in my physiotherapy sessions.

At that time, I was also taking the *GATEWAY EXPERIENCE*® at home. I was exploring Wave III, *Freedom*, neglecting the second Wave to go more rapidly to regular OBE states. However, something held me back from pursuing Wave III. It was more than a feeling; it was physically impossible for me to listen to the tapes. I was disturbed all the time during the sessions, and when it was quiet, I slept on the tapes. "I want to escape; I want to fly; I want to forget everything about my state, my pain, my bolted arm!" I kept telling myself. One morning I made the mistake of taking *Problem Solving* instead of *Remote Viewing*. After a moment, I noticed I was not listening to the right tape. "OK, OK, let's go through this tape, I'm not gonna get up now and risk feeling the pain again." Nothing happened then, but I was now convinced that there was a reason for my accident. A deeper reason, a reason that was within me, that was a part of me.

I was now thinking about the whys of the accident, instead of the hows of escaping the pain. Then one day I had a flash: I was an Indian (Amerindian) with a feather in my hair. I was looking toward my right arm. There was no right arm! I screamed and I screamed: "There is no arm there!" I suddenly opened my eyes. I smiled, thinking what a silly thought that was. The days following this, I was continuously asking myself, "Will I ever be able to practice archery again?" I was taking this question very seriously then, even if I did not usually practice the sport!

I searched for other answers, playing and replaying the tape. It was useless. The "Indian vision" was too bright in me. "Now, Eric, get into your body! Forget this exotic vision! Stop making tales about what is reality, dumb reality!" I must say that I have a natural tendency to beautify reality; to make noble what is humble. Sometimes it serves me well; other times it prevents me from seeing the plain truth.

"I must verify my intuition; I don't believe it, but I must know if it's true." So, I went to see a medium. Yes, the student in computer sciences went to see a medium.

I had to fill up a sheet with fifteen questions I wanted to ask the medium. I had never spoken to the woman before and she had never seen me. She was only aware of my name and my date of birth. She told me that my accident was a "karmic" something inherited from a past life. I had lost my right arm in a silly accident, and I had never really accepted it. She told me that, for an Indian, this is very difficult to accept. An Indian! I really was an Indian somewhere in myself! A girl named Laura then tried to help me overcome my condition, but I let myself die of pneumonia a few years after the accident—it was not exotic after all. I am still moved by this declaration today.

At the end of the consultation, the woman told me to get into my body and to meditate about my condition. "Sometimes you must get into that kind of painful experience to understand something." So, my attitude was also right! I must face the situation instead of escaping. It is not something easy to do for someone like me, who has developed so many ways of escaping reality. That last sentence from her made me truly realize that the *GATEWAY* program is really a way of exploration; a way among others; that the answer can always be found within myself.

The last thing I had to accept is that I am not only carrying along my experiences from this life, but also the experiences of all the lives I previously had. What a terrible thought! Sometimes, ideas are more painful to accept than bad accidents. Nevertheless, I overcame my accident—my arm is in perfect condition—and I also realized something even more important than the origin of my broken arm. It is that we not only carry with us the mistakes of our past lives, but also their victories. The knowledge of that concept made me feel strong and tall. I am my own victim and my own master. I have the power to choose between the two. In the "victim state"

you do not have to feel in charge, but you are suffering a great deal for nothing. In the “master state” you become the craftsman of your destiny, but you must also accept the responsibilities.

As for myself, I choose the second state, not to escape from suffering, but to understand things. To climb my mountain with my eyes open. To plunge my roots in the deepest soil and have enough energy to stretch my branches up to the clouds. And sometimes to borrow the eyes of a bird to see things from another view—if the bird wants to, if nature wants to, and if I want to.

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